



"She won't take me in," the girl answered very low. "No one will—take me in. Last night I slept in the railroad station"

Judgments of West Paradise

By Valma Clark

Illustrated by Robert W. Stewart

IT WAS one of Jud Calkins' bad nights, for a man who is shunned, even one who bears the brand of a hardened criminal, will grow lonely at times. Therefore Jud Calkins loafed down Pearl Street and paused tentatively before the discreetly lighted house of Mrs. O'Greer.

Now there are streets in Paris, Balzac says, so bad that a woman's reputation is compromised if she is seen on them. But in Paris, Chicago, Detroit, even in Jonesboro, it is the same, and West Paradise was no exception. In spite of its name, West Paradise was no better than most towns—perhaps a little worse. It had its compact little tough section, which good folk shunned as they would have shunned lepers' quarters: Pearl Street was the street its good people avoided, and of the brief row of notorious houses, Mrs. O'Greer's was the most notorious.

At least Pearl Street was not particular, wherefore Jud Calkins, who was desperately lonesome, halted considerably before Mrs. O'Greer's. When, at that moment, Jud's eye fell upon the figure of a woman just beyond the arc of the gaslight, who also stood speculatively before Mrs. O'Greer's, Pearl Street being what it was, he was entirely justified in edging toward her and muttering: "Lo, sis."

The girl, she was a mere kid, he saw at once, turned and lifted a face that made a white blot for two great, fearful, black eyes.

"Good Lord!" breathed Jud, falling back. He recognized her as Mellee Sweeting, the daughter of Sarah Sweeting, who had been dead two years. Vaguely he knew of her: a wistful youngster, who lived alone and got along by taking in washings. "What you doin' here?"

Her eyes fell. Jud noticed that she carried a bundle. Then her mouth trembled open. "I—I'm going to live here at Mrs. O'Greer's," she answered, and her voice was toneless, infinitely weary.

He gave himself time to recover from the shock of that. Shaken out of his own brooding thoughts for the first time in years, he considered her; she was sunk fathoms deep in some trouble of her own. "But you can't do that," Jud told her, his heavy voice oddly gentle. "You don't know—what kind of a place."

"I do know; that's why I'm going."

"Listen, you've got to go home. I'll see you out o' here, back to the decent part of town. No one's seen you; I'll leave you so's you'll not be seen with me. You can slip into your own place."

"But I haven't any place. I couldn't keep up the rent, and Mr. Keefe's taken the house away from me."

"If it's money you're out of, I've a bit here. You can get a room at Mrs. Sutton's."

"She won't take me in," the girl answered very low. "No one will—take me in. Last night I slept in the railroad station until they made me move. Haven't you heard—about me?"

"Not likely I'd've heard anything," he shrugged impatiently. "nobody talks to me."

"They're saying things—horrible things. Now will you go 'way and let me be! I know what I'm doing! I know—everything!" She shuddered and broke suddenly into sobs.

JUD took a rapid survey of the deserted street to make sure they were not observed. "Now tell me," he growled; and Mellee sobbed out her story. "There wasn't anything else for me to do in spite of all the education mumsy'd worked so hard to give me; there was plenty of other high-school graduates for the good jobs. So I kept on with mumsy's customers. Only sometimes I disappointed them with the washings. You see, I'm not awfully strong, and they began going to Mrs. Tooley. I had to have more work, and Mrs. O'Greer had heavy washings, so I just—slipped up here nights and got her clothes and returned them nights the same way. Mrs. O'Greer paid extra well, and she wasn't particular about getting them back on the dot. That was all there was to it. But one night Mr. Keefe saw me coming out of Mrs. O'Greer's, and the next day folks looked at me queer, and then after that the others began taking their washings away from me. I tried to explain to them how it was, but no one would believe me. Then I got so tired and so hungry, and there was no place to go. Mrs. O'Greer told me once if things ever got too hard. . . . And no one would believe me! You don't believe me!"

"Of course I believe you."

"But why?" she wondered. "No one else does."

"Reckon I know how it is," he muttered with a touch of bitterness. "But we've got to think what to do. . . ."

Her sigh of relief stirred him.

"Look here," he announced abruptly, "I'm goin' to take you home with me. I know it ain't regular, a lone man, and especially me, but I can't think of anything else to do."

You've got to get fed up and slept out. After that we can figure something. All right, eh?"

"Dizzy," breathed the girl, and went limp.

Jud squared his short, stocky frame to the weight of her and found it nothing at all. He stumbled across lots with her to his own small farm at the edge of the town.

Somehow he got her to bed in the downstairs room that had belonged to his mother: in the old days, Jud had been used to doing things for his invalid mother, and after her death he had nursed his young brother through whooping-cough and other childhood diseases.

At length he went out and sat on the tumble-down steps of the porch in the dark and felt strangely at peace with the world. It was the first time Jud had done anything for another human being in four years. She was just a kid—she might have been his own daughter if he had ever married, Jud reflected. But Jud was the last person in the town, he owned humbly, to leave a kid with. For Jud's whole life had been ruined by a groundless suspicion.

In the eyes of West Paradise, Jud Calkins was the murderer of his old uncle, Todd Calkins. The thing had happened four years before, in the fall of 1917, and Jud alone and one other knew that he was not guilty. Jud, with Dan Barker, the orphan lad who did chores on the farm for him, had risen before dawn on that morning and had hiked off to the lake for the early flight of ducks. Sitting hidden in their duck-blind a half mile up shore from the lake-side farm where old Uncle Todd lived alone, Dan and Jud had heard a rifle shot. Twenty minutes later, Larry, Jud's younger brother, had passed them on a run with such a look of blind horror on his face that they could only stare.

AFTERWARD, when they had stopped at Uncle Todd's place on their way home, they had found the old man lying dead in a pool of blood on the back doorstep. The house had been rifled. Todd Calkins had been a notorious miser. There was only one thing for Jud and the boy to think. They remembered that Larry had carried his rifle. Jud had known that his young brother was wild in an irresponsible, schoolboy fashion, but this thing—! It left Jud stunned, for he had mothered Larry and worshiped him and had given him the years at Cornell which he (Jud) had only dreamed of for himself.

Jud and Dan had trudged silently back to town and had given the alarm. That Larry was upset and that he

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Judgments of West Paradise

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hastened his departure to the training-camp for which he had enlisted, seemed to Jud further proof of his guilt.

Jud made his decision. He would give Larry his chance to fight for his country and perhaps to be killed. And if Larry came back alive—well, then he would have to pay. Jud made Dan swear to keep the secret. Dan was one of those honest, freckle-faced boys whom you could trust. Jud promised him the schooling the boy had longed for, and got him out of town. To Larry himself, Jud said nothing, and the letters which Larry wrote back home were incredibly boyish and innocent.

How West Paradise hit upon Jud as the murderer and how suspicion grew until even the old neighbors, who had once sworn by him, turned against him, offers an interesting example of the judgments of society. The whisper had started from Jerome Keefe. Who would profit by the murder of Todd Calkins? asked Keefe. Jud had come into his uncle's property and what little money was left. The money orders which he sent regularly to Dan Barker, could they be hush money? Sick at heart as he was over Larry, Jud wore the aspect of a man who carried a load upon his conscience, and besides, he offered no defense of himself.

Now West Paradise was proud of Larry Calkins. And when Larry was tragically killed and his name was gold-starred on the list in the town hall, Jud took it so stoically that the good people of West Paradise pronounced him hard.

From the first, Jud had accepted his own hermit part, and with the appearance of the gold star that became to him the symbol of his brother's expiation for his crime, he settled permanently into the rôle of Larry's shield. If the inner man had, at first, revolted at the injustice of his position, all that was gone. Public opinion is a mighty hypnotizer, and a thing thought long enough becomes very nearly true; and righteous indignation peters out under the continued condemnation of long years, especially if a man stands alone, with no one to bolster his faith in himself. If Jud was not guilty, he came to look guilty. His face, always homely in repose, with nothing definitely wrong about it except a mouth too wide, had been a sunny, candid face in the old days, with a slow, rich smile and fine, blue eyes. But at thirty-eight his mouth had hardened to a straight line, and although the eyes were still blue, you seldom saw them, for he walked with his head forward a bit and spoke without looking up.

The thing that hurt Jud worst was a trifle. Every youngster and every old crony in West Paradise had been wont to hail him as "Grampa" Jud in those other days, a nickname that had been banteringly bestowed upon him for the way he had fussed over and coddled his kid brother. After the murder they came gradually to call him plain Jud Calkins, and Jud Calkins is a harsh name, and it was harsher as they said it. He still winced under it.

IN the morning Mellee was feverish and still delirious, so that Jud set out by a short cut for Doctor Traphagen, an easy-going elephant of a man who declared that Mellee's trouble was malnutrition and overwork and a bad case of nerves.

"She ought to have a woman in to take care of her," Jud petitioned. "I'll pay good if you've got anyone, Doc."

"Eh? Two nurses are on cases, but I'll see what can be done." He was vague, pleasant.

Nothing was done, and the result was that Jud himself nursed Mellee through a dragging illness that threatened brain fever. And, awkward son of the soil that he was, he did a good job of it. He pored over his mother's old cook-books for things nourishing and delicate for invalids, made her foamy egg-nogs, and coaxed her with chicken broth in his mother's best china cups. Patiently he sat beside her while she tossed and muttered rapid incoherencies about Jerome Keefe and Mrs. O'Greer and clotheslines that broke at the crucial moment. When she called him "mumsy" and begged him to draw the shade tighter to keep them from spying in on her, he humored her, and tried to do for her the little things her mother would have done.

When the delirium passed, and she lay quiet, Jud stood sometimes and wondered at the incongruity of her ever having done washings. "She'd never weigh ninety pounds," he muttered. Great eyes, pansy-black, and a skin dead white against a mat of dark hair, straight and very fine. . . . There was not a coarse thing about her, except her swollen red hands set on wrists too frail.

She was staring up at him without curiosity, and Jud smiled at her, his old, slow, heart-warming smile. She blinked back and curled herself more comfortably. Mellee accepted Jud and his care of her

without question. "You've got to think of me as a sort o' big brother," he had explained with some embarrassment, and Mellee accepted his care as she had her mother's.

When Jud could leave her for a few hours at a time, he returned to his neglected crops and dug into the business of making a living for two. On his first trip down-town, he became aware that public sentiment was stronger than ever against him. They looked at him with new interest or new contempt, according to their natures. For the first time in years, he flung back his head and faced them: for himself it did not matter what they said, but for Mellee it did matter.

ON the morning of his second trip to town, Jud stopped with his load of fresh vegetables at Jerome Keefe's general store. Keefe made an absurd offer for the vegetables.

"But, good heavens, that wouldn't pay for the flour and sugar I'm needin'."

"Take it or leave it," shrugged Keefe. "Beggars can hardly be choosers. I understand you and the fair Mellee—"

Jud jerked himself straight. "You cut that!" he ordered between his teeth. Half a dozen people gossiping in the store stared at this suddenly electrified Jud who had been a sagging, guilty Jud a moment before.

Jud measured the man deliberately: a swarthy fellow, heavy with good living. He came of a tough family up Rock Creek way and had prospered of late and become the influential citizen, through brazen profiteering and crooked politics.

"You're a damned bully," concluded Jud, loud enough for all to hear. "And the first man that makes light o' Mellee Sweeting's name in my presencell have to answer to me, and I'm not feelin' luke-warm on the subject either!"

Keefe's mouth twitched. "You're a dangerous man to the community, Jud Calkins," he retorted, with an attempt at sternness.

"You bet I'm a dangerous man," answered Jud grimly, "and don't you forget it." He turned and swung away.

Jud went to each of the other four grocery stores in West Paradise, and each grocer, in turn, professed to be well-supplied. Jud had been blacklisted.

The following morning, he set out early for the distant city, where he disposed of his garden truck at a fair price. But he knew that he could not often spare the time to go to the city. The fight was on; Jud began to feel the pinch of store needs which he could not satisfy; yet, in spite of everything, he was happier than he had ever been.

Mellee was gaining strength rapidly these days. She fussed about the house, and order descended miraculously upon the bachelor clutter of things. She fought shy of the streets, but when Jud urged her to stay outdoors more, she trailed him in the fields and sat near him in the sun while he worked.

For the first time Jud was short of money to send to young Dan Barker. He put off writing Dan in the vain hope that some method of raising money would occur to him. Meantime, between his trips to the city, he watched helplessly the rotting of the tomatoes and the aging of the beans and lettuce for which he no longer had a daily market.

On an evening in mid-August, Jud turned wearily homeward from a discouraging interview with Tom Daly, the miller of West Paradise. In past years, Daly had always struck a bargain with him for the corn in the big north field, but tonight Jud had been unable to arrive at a fair agreement with the man. Had Daly, too, blacklisted him, he wondered.

Mechanically he turned in at his own gate. On the threshold, he paused: the house was quite dark. He groped his way forward, found the matches. "Mellee!" he called softly. "Heigh, Mel!"

There was no answer, but he saw that her door stood ajar. She was lying there on the bed, a small, huddled heap.

Jud knelt beside her, touched her gently. "Mellee, darlin', what is it?" he begged miserably.

"It's worse," she choked. "Do you know—what they're saying—now?"

"Who's sayin' anything to you?" he urged. "Mellee, tell me."

"It's Jerome Keefe. I went for a walk and I met him. He stopped me and tried to talk, and then he called me a—name. And he said—Oh, things about—you and me, Jud. . . ."

"Did he touch you?" demanded Jud thickly.

"He—he tried to kiss me."

Some fifteen minutes later, just at closing time, Jud swung into Jerome Keefe's store. He was hatless, his face was white, and his eyes blazed. "You, Jerome Keefe, come out here!" His voice cut through the

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Making the Most of Your Hair

How to Make Your Hair Make You More Attractive



EVERYWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically.

People judge you by its appearance. It tells the world what you are.

If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

Study your hair, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair, or in the way you care for it, makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.

In caring for the hair, shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish

Dress Your Hair to Emphasize Your Best Lines Only

Begin by studying your profile. If you have a short nose, do not put your hair on the top of your head; if you have a round, full face, do not fluff your hair out too much at the sides; if your face is very thin and long, then you should fluff your hair out at the sides. The woman with the full face and double chin should wear her hair high. All these and other individual features, must be taken into consideration in selecting the proper hairdress. Above all, simplicity should prevail. You are always most attractive when your hair looks most natural—when it looks most like you.



by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

What a Child's Hair Needs

CHILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after-life, for a luxurious head of hair is something every man and woman feels mighty proud of.

Makes Your Hair Beautiful



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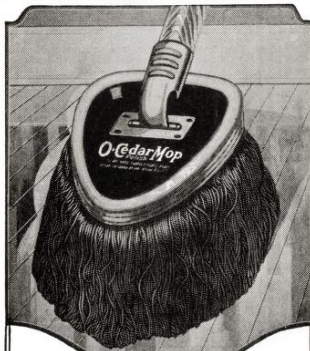
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Judgments of West Paradise

[Continued from page 23]

lazy summer-evening drone of Main Street like a steel edge, and a crowd of loafers gathered in the doorway.

Keefe strolled from behind the counter with affected indifference, halted before the ominous expression of Jud's face.

"You know what's comin' to you. Get ready!"

"You're crazy, Jud Calkins." He lowered his bull head, protruded the heavy jaw threateningly. "You want to land in jail where you belong?" Then to his audience, as he saw no signs of weakening in Jud's set face. "You're all witnesses to it. He's mad!"

Jud wasted no words. He did the job cleanly and thoroughly. Jerome Keefe was a flabby coward. Gently enough, Jud prodded the sprawling mass that was Keefe with the toe of one man-sized shoe and breathed a deep sigh of relief; then he pushed his way through the crowd and headed for home.

Melée rose up out of the purple shadows of the porch. "I was worried about you," she breathed; there was still a lingering sob in her voice. She was very close to him, a dim, small figure in the starlight, and all about them lay the caressing warmth and stillness of an August night. Sweet and rather ridiculous that she should be worried about him.

What was she saying? "... and so I can't stay on here any longer, Jud. You must see."

He heard his own voice, strangely harsh. "Where you goin'?"

"I—don't know."

And then, without awkwardness, as though it was the only natural thing to do, Jud found himself gathering her close into his arms. "I love you—I can't let you go."

"I love you, too." With one of her fierce little gusts of passion, she clung to him and buried her face in his shoulder.

THE clatter and choking dust of a passing automobile disturbed the peace, and realization swept over Jud. "I can't," he groaned. "It's not fair to you, Melée."

"Hush! I don't care—what you've done." She tilted her head to him.

But Jud broke away, horrified. The thing which he had been guarding against had happened. Melée was right: it would be impossible for her to stay on here now. Back in his mind, was a vague hurt that Melée, too, should believe him guilty. But Melée's immediate future was the important thing. Melée was young yet—somehow she would live down the stain upon her own name. Rooted as he was in the home soil, it was characteristic of Jud that the idea of leaving West Paradise should occur to him only at this extremity. "Listen, Melée, you've got to go up to the city where folks won't know you."

"I don't want to go to the city."

Jud mopped his face helplessly. "Look here, Melée, I hadn't any right to say what I did to you a while back. You will believe I'm tryin' to do what's best for you?"

She softened. "The way it is, Jud, you love me and I—love you—and nothing else matters. But if you will have a fairy-tale ending—"

"A fairy-tale endin'?"

"We'll have to invent alibis for two." There came to Melée a flash of bitter insight that was not youthful. "Running away won't help me. Marriage is the only alibi for me, and I guess you're the person, Jud. Please, Jud, that sounded horrid, only you're so—stupid—"

"Reckon you're right." Jud buried his face in his two hands. Melée married to him! Suddenly Jud wanted his name clean for Melée as he had never wanted it clean for himself. He wanted honor and respect for Melée with a passion of which he would not have believed himself capable.

Jud sat up with his problem that night. The old loyalty to Larry battled with his new fierce need for Melée. He made his decision.

"There's one way out," he told Melée gravely at breakfast. "You'll wait until I try it, honey?"

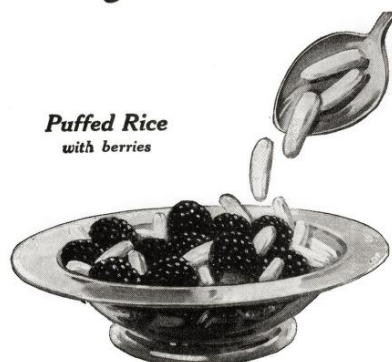
Melée promised.

Their breakfast was interrupted by the appearance of one Seth Jenkins, town loafer. "Good scrap you pulled off on old Keefe last night," he drawled. "Keefe's mad. He's aimin' to raise the taxes so high on this here edge of town that it'll run you out. Thought I'd jus' tip you off."

Jud scraped his chair, strode down town, and dispatched a crisp telegram. His answer came by telegraph in the afternoon. He went straight to Adam Weaver, the town constable. "I've got something to say, informal like, to the whole town, constable. I want 'em all to hear. It concerns me—and Melée Sweeting."

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Joys of July

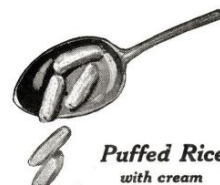


Puffed Rice
with berries

Like Fruit and Nuts

Puffed Grains, light and airy, taste like toasted nuts. The texture is like snowflakes, crushing at a touch. So these flimsy morsels mixed with fruit add what flaky crust adds to short-cake or to pie.

They are also used in candy making and as garnish on ice cream.



Puffed Rice
with cream

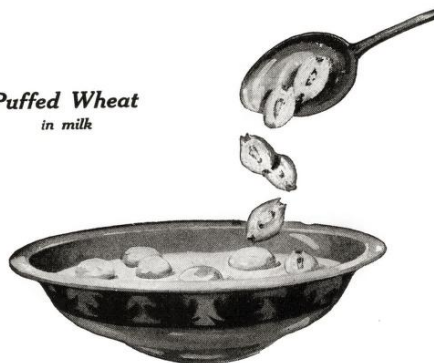


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Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice
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Judgments of West Paradise

(Continued from page 35)

Weaver looked him over curiously. "The town hall'll never hold 'em," he observed drily. "When—?"
"Tomorrow night."
"Huh! Tomorrow night it is."

IT was a strange assemblage that gathered in the stuffy, gaslit town hall. All of West Paradise turned out. Jerome Keefe, sitting well to the front, was not pleasant to look at with one eye swollen darkly shut. Even Mellee had disobeyed Jud's order to remain at home and had slipped quietly into the dimmest corner of the room.

A hush fell upon them as Jud and a young stranger in city clothes entered and made their way down the aisle to Adam Weaver, who stood waiting for them. Something familiar about the stranger's snub nose and sturdy shoulders. His air of deference to Jud, the town pariah, was odd.

"Jud Calkins here's got something to say to you," spoke Adam Weaver by way of introduction.

Jud looked out over the mass of faces, his own face whitely set. He cleared his throat. "This is Dan Barker—some of you may recall him. I've got something to say about—the murder of my Uncle Todd."

The faintest quivering stir ran over the crowd, settled away into absolute silence. Jud was conscious of the hissing sound of little gas jets turned too high and of Jerome Keefe's face, the mouth open fish-like, the skin a sickly green hue under this light.

"Dan here knows—he can prove an alibi for me. Dan and I was down that way shootin' ducks. We both heard the shot. . . . That's the reason we both happened to be on hand."

"It's true," corroborated Dan Barker.

"And that clears me, I guess."
Adam Weaver broke the doubtful silence, eyes narrowed cannily. "But why haven't you said so before? Why have you kept silent all these years? You're keepin' something back, Jud Calkins! If you were that close, the chances are you saw more. Who was the murderer? Do you know that? Else how are we goin' to believe you haven't got Dan here fixed?"

Jud moistened his lips. His eyes traveled from Keefe's face, which had suddenly broken out into little beads of perspiration, to the shiny gold star that marked Larry's name on the tablet. He opened his mouth to speak, could not bring himself to say it.

And then Dan Barker took the floor. His voice rang out convincingly: "I've kept still for four years and now I'm going to clear this thing up. Mr. Calkins here's as innocent as you are. I do know who the murderer was. I saw him. We both saw him pass with his gun. The murderer of old Todd Calkins—"

THE sharp scraping sound of a chair stopped him. Jerome Keefe was wildly fighting his way toward the door. "Sit down!" shouted the crowd.

"Mr. Keefe 'pears to be in a powerful hurry," called out Adam Weaver. "Stop him, you!"

Keefe turned in helpless fury. "Let go, damn you! Go on, say it. I killed Todd Calkins! . . . Sittin' in the bushes there, spyin' on me, was you? I've confessed, haven't I? Tell him to take his eyes off me—" An amazed throng, they stood there gaping at the driving object that was Jerome Keefe.

"And Larry?" managed Jud. "What was Larry doin' there?"

"How do I know? I hid in the barn till he cleared out. Reckon he was afraid of bein' implicated. Let me go!"

Jud collapsed into a chair. He never knew just what happened in the following moments. The town constable, acting officially, took charge of the situation, and somehow Keefe was eliminated. Jud was conscious of one thing only—Larry was innocent. Larry's gold star was untarnished.

In the excitement of people crowding around him, Jud became aware of Mellee's hand on his and her pleading voice close to his ear.

"Jud, dear, I'm so ashamed. It was beastly of me to think—"

Jud rose with sudden energy, slid an arm around Mellee's shoulders.

"Listen, folks, there's just one thing more. Shall we tell them, Mellee?"

Jud turned to her, looked deep into the pansy-black eyes lifted to his. The old slow, rich smile crept over his face, lingered there.

"You don't need to. We know, Grampa Jud!" said Adam Weaver huskily. "We haven't given either of you a square deal."

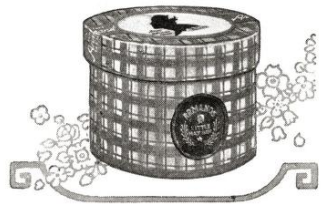
The crowd had watched the little tableau and came surging forward toward them. West Paradise had reversed its judgments.

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